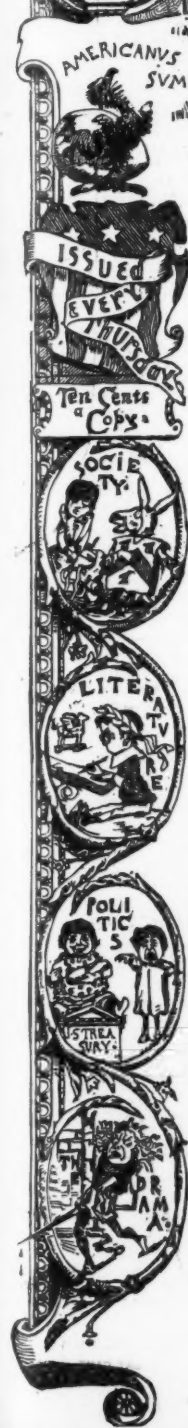


Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1897, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



THE BITTER DOSE.

10, 1897
CALF
LAS
\$3
ES,
to \$1. We
made on the
workman
and eye-
ing, best
within
old any-
ough in
sellers
re-
the
as
t.
ING
lling to
in this
concedes
Rye
iskeys;
present
quarter
s down
. The
nt, that
ed in its
y of re-
CO.
Street



YOU CAN HAVE

The Evening Post

Sent to any address in the United States for 75 cents per month.
Office, 206-210 Broadway, New York.

THE...

ADIRONDACK... MOUNTAINS

Called in
Old Times

"THE GREAT NORTH WOODS."

A marvelous wilderness, abounding in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks, filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region—located in Northern New York—is reached from Chicago by all lines, in connection with the New York Central; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Montreal by the New York Central; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the New York Central; from New York by the through car lines of the New York Central; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the New York Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

ST. IVES. The Adventures of a French Prisoner in England. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 12mo, \$1.50.

St. Ives is a story of action and adventure in the author's most buoyant and stirring manner, and was all finished but a few chapters, for which Mr. Stevenson's notes were so complete that Mr. Quiller-Couch has put the conclusion of the story into the form which it was known that Mr. Stevenson intended.

AMERICAN NOBILITY. A Novel. By PIERRE DE COULEVAIN. 12mo, \$1.50.

The burning question of "international" marriages has never been so ably handled in fiction as in the present story. The novel opens with the courtship of a rich American girl by an impetuous French marquis, and the succeeding developments, with the striking pictures of French life in the Faubourg St. Germain, at the château en province, and at the seaside, are of intense interest.

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY BETTY STAIR. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. Illustrated by Thule de Thulstrup. In an original binding similar to "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac." 12mo, \$1.25.

"Molly Elliot Seawell may be called one of the bright writers of the present day."—*Boston Post*.

THE EXPRESS MESSENGER, AND OTHER TALES OF THE RAIL. By CY WARMAN. 12mo, \$1.25.

Mr. Warman's new book contains a group of stories relating to the great social and industrial community that centres about the modern railway. Himself an engineer for many years and in many lands, the author writes "from the inside," and his tales of characteristic incident and adventure are told with the utmost zest and raciness.

TALES OF AN ENGINEER. With Rhymes of the Rail. 12mo, \$1.25.

SELECTED POEMS. By GEORGE MEREDITH. Arranged by the author, and including all his most popular works. With portrait. 12mo, \$1.75. "Not since Shakespeare has England produced a man with so extraordinary a gift of poetic expression."—*J. Langwell, in the Pall Mall Magazine*.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Fortieth Thousand. With illustrations and a special cover design by Charles Dana Gibson. 12mo, \$1.50.

"Mr. Davis has the dramatic gift—he carries you along with him. One need not wish for a better story of action than this."—*London Academy*. Other Books by Mr. Davis are: *Cinderella and Other Stories*, 12mo, \$1.00; *Gallegher and Other Stories*, 12mo, paper, 50c; cloth, \$1.00. *Stories for Boys*, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.00.

A STORY-TELLER'S PACK. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Just Published. With illustrations by Peter Newell, W. T. Smedley, E. W. Kemble, Harry C. Edwards, and Alice Barber Stephens. 12mo, \$1.50. "In this latest book of his there is not one disappointment. Life cannot be without an object as long as there is the hope of something more from him."—*William Dean Howells, in Harper's Weekly*.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York

The Golfer's Conquest of America

By CASPAR WHITNEY

A thorough treatment of the subject, with illustrations by A. B. FROST. The series of drawings gives character studies of the humors of bad form in golfing, and correct form in using various clubs. The leading club-houses and links of the country are also given as well as the portraits of three leading golfers.



The First Instalment of

SPANISH JOHN

By WILLIAM McLENNAN.

This is a novel of adventure, dealing with the fortunes of the Scotch Pretenders to the throne of England. The action takes place partly in the army of the King of Spain operating in Italy, and partly in Scotland. The illustrations, masterpieces in their way, vivid and faithful, are by F. DE MYRBACH.



OTHER NEW FICTION:

A STRANGE TALE OF GHEEL, by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH; MRS. UPTON'S DEVICE, by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, illustrated by C. DANA GIBSON; PSYCHE, by GEORGE HIBBARD, illustrated by ALBERT E. STERNER; and THERE AND HERE, by ALICE BROWN.

THE OCTOBER HARPER'S



THE OCTOBER NUMBER IS NOW READY
IT HAS A COLORED COVER BY GORGUET

"THE WRECK OF GREECE"—HENRY NORMAN, CORRESPONDENT FOR THE LONDON CHRONICLE, WHO IS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE KING, NOW RELATES FOR THE FIRST TIME CERTAIN TALKS HE HAD WITH HIM, SHOWING WHAT WAS GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES

"THE WORKERS," WALTER A. WYCKOFF'S EXPERIMENT AS A DAY LABORER, DESCRIBES IN PART III HIS EXPERIENCE AS A PORTER AT A SUMMER HOTEL

"THE BUSINESS OF A NEWS-PAPER," BY J. LINCOLN STEFFENS, A NEWS-PAPER MAN, SHOWS WHAT IS BEHIND THE NEW JOURNALISM AND PREDICTS ITS FUTURE.

THESE ARTICLES ARE ILLUSTRATED.
SO ARE SOME OF THE FOLLOWING:

"CECILIA BEAUX," BY WILLIAM WALTON

"MOTHER EARTH," BY MARGUERITE MERRINGTON

"THE UQUIET SEX," BY HELEN WATTERS MOODY

"THE DURKET SPERRET," BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT

"THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR," BY BLISS PERRY

"THE MAN WITH THE BACON RIND," BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

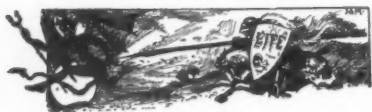
SOME GOLF PICTURES BY A. B. FROST—SIX FULL-PAGE WASH DRAWINGS
BY AN ARTIST WHO IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER OF THE GREAT GAME

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers

·LIFE·



"DID YOU EVER LOVE BEFORE, REGGIE DEAR?"
"YES, DARLING—ONCE. BUT ONLY IN A SMALL WAY."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXX. SEPT. 23, 1897. NO. 770.
29 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance.
Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union,
\$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

The Quest for a Mayor.



THE business of choosing candidates for Mayor of New York goes busily on, though as yet Mr. Low is the only one selected. About him some of the newspapers are saying dreadful things—that he is a fetich, that he voted for Cleveland, that his candidacy tends to weaken the Republican organization, both State and Federal, and also the State and Federal Democratic organization. It is also asserted that he is not the only man in New York who is fit to be Mayor, and LIFE trusts that that is true. Nevertheless he seems to bear up well, and there is no reason to believe as yet that the Citizens' Union could possibly have found a better candidate, or that its nomination was made too early. New York knows more about the advantages of good government than it did, and there is fair reason to hope that it will profit by its experience.



Is General Collis Doing His Best?

GENERAL COLLIS, of the Department of Public Works, de-

nies that he tore up Fifth Avenue expressly to inconvenience the people of New York, and is keeping parts of it still in disorder to spite them further. He declares that a huge and difficult job is being done in that street; more difficult than was anticipated, because of the blind and inadequate way the street had been dealt with heretofore. This time everything that ought to be under the pavement—sewers, water-mains, and every legitimate pipe—is being placed there, so that when the street is finally paved it may be expected to stay so for a long time. And he says it ought to be finished by the first of November. This seems almost too good to be true.



Gallinger's Scathing Reply.

A GRAND example of a scathing letter is that lately addressed by Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire to Mr. Carl Schurz. Senator Gallinger has views as to the inexpediency of Civil Service Reform which he lately wrote out at some length and published, a month or two after the adjournment of Congress, in the *Congressional Record*. Mr. Schurz replied to Senator Gallinger's piece in an article in defense of Civil Service Reform, in which he controverted sundry of Senator Gallinger's allegations. Senator Gallinger's reply is the scathing open letter aforesaid. He has a lot to say about Mr. Schurz. He speaks of his swagger and bravado, of his boundless egotism, of his ill-mannered and inconsequential letter, of his political obscurity, his yearning for notoriety, his flippancy, his coquettishness, and other blemishes. These allusions are admirably scathing, and yet a letter made up of them is not so illuminating as it should be. We all know a good deal about Mr. Schurz, but few of us know anything about Senator Gallinger. Senator Gallinger must

know all about him. If, instead of describing Mr. Schurz, he had told us the chief descriptive facts about Gallinger, how much more instructive and satisfactory he would have been! Try again, Senator. We want to know!



Sheriff Martin's Shooting Scrape.

SHERIFF MARTIN, of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, has received much unfavorable notice during the past fortnight because a body of deputies, whom he had assembled to restrain the turbulence of a roving band of striking Hungarian miners, came to blows with the strikers and fired upon a mob of them, killing a score and wounding many more. The precise circumstances of the case are obscure. Whether the firing was necessary may be doubtful, but there does not seem to be any doubt that the Sheriff was doing his best to maintain order. Soldiers, and especially regulars, are far more efficient in dealing with mobs than sheriffs' posses. Being disciplined men, under command of experienced officers, they can usually maintain order without shedding blood. It is a great pity that there were no available troops at Lattimer, but since there were not, and the Sheriff did his best, there is nothing for it but to back him up, condone his indiscretion if he was indiscreet, and admit that he did his duty. Whoever stands honestly as an officer of the law for law and its enforcement, is entitled to have the support of the public; whoever opposes or defies the law does it at his own risk. LIFE is sorry for the striking miners and deplores the killing of any of them, but the Sheriff must be sustained. A Sheriff inexperienced in warfare, with a lot of armed deputies under slight discipline, makes a very dangerous combination which all citizens, law-abiding and law-defying, are earnestly recommended to avoid.

À La Mode.

THE trees of Paradise were all bedecked
In leaves and flowers. The birds wore
plumage gay;
The ground itself was clothed in green
the day
That Mistress Eve appeared, and all,
except
The bride herself, were stylishly ar-
rayed—
Canst wonder, then, the lady was
dismayed?
A gorgeous butterfly laughed Eve to
scorn;

A green and scarlet paroquet, forsooth,
Did try to patronize Madame. In truth,
They told her pointedly *skin* wasn't worn.
So, when the tempter came, and talked
awhile,
'Eve ate the fruit—and set the first
"Fall" style.

Lawrence K. Russel.

THE JUDGE: What made you
so certain that you had the
right of way?

THE DRIVER: Sure an' my wagon
was the heaviest, yer honor.

OLD BEAU (to Messenger Boy):
What did the young lady say
when you gave her my flowers?

MESSANGER BOY: She asked the
young fellow she was sitting on the
porch with if he didn't want some
for a *boutonniere*.



Harold: HULLY GEE! GET ON TO DE
CIGAROOT, WILL YER!

Maud: AH, WHAT'S DE MATTER WID
YER? DOES YER SUPPOSE YOUSE MEN IS DE
ON'Y ONES WOT KIN INJOY DE WEED?

A Devastated Avenue.

IT is reported that the management
of the Horse Show are planning
no less an out-of-door event for this
fall than a test of hunters on Fifth
Avenue. A steeplechase on that
avenue would be far too dangerous,
of course, but hunters that can go at
their leisure from Washington Square
to the Park without traveling on the
sidewalks or breaking any bones will
receive prizes for cleverness.

Meanwhile the avenue continues to
be blasted by contractors and damned
by all New York. The job of ditch-
ing and paving it was a big one, but
it seems to have been very, very long
drawn out.

Presence of Mind.

HE (just introduced): What
a very homely person that
gentleman near the piano is, Mrs.
Black.

SHE: Isn't he! That is Mr. Black.

"How true it is, Mrs. Black, that
the homely men always get the pret-
tiest wives!"



THE PARIS-AMERICAN SCHOOL.

The artist: I STARTED THA' FIGURE IN PARIS.
NOW I'M GOING TO TAKE IT OUT TO JERSEY AND GET
SOME FARMER TO POSE FOR THE HEAD. I WANT TO
MAKE IT SMACK OF THE SOIL.



THE RESULT.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,221 44
In memory of M. S. B.....	3 00
Agnes and Eleanor Keyes.....	25 00
Fort Sill, O. T.....	3 30
G. S.....	3 00
In memory of M. L.....	5 00
H. H. Q.....	6 00

\$4,266 54

As Told by the Girl.

IN THREE CONVERSATIONS. (1.)

I HAD a premonition the moment I heard the quick steps behind me, which was verified by a voice over my shoulder saying:

"How d'ye do, Miss Townshend?"

I had no need to turn, for he was at my side in a breath's space, and had joined his step with mine.

"What a tremendous stride you've got!" he went on, before I could return his greeting. "I've been chasing you for three blocks."

"Have you?" said I, with a flutter. "Why didn't you whistle?"

"I would have, if I had dared," he answered, looking down at me in a queer little way that fairly made me tingle—though, thank Heaven! the wind was blowing a gale; excuse enough for flushed cheeks.

"Since when have you added timidity to your other virtues, Mr. Appleton?" I managed to say, fully conscious that it was a futile remark.

"Ever since I've known you," he replied quickly, with anything but an air of cowardice; but, fortunately, just then diversion was at hand in a quarrel that Brute had managed to pick with a cocker-spaniel. (Brute is the most beautiful Boston terrier that was ever bred, and a present from Tim Appleton himself.) Quick and decisive action was necessary, for the little beasts had worked themselves into a silly fury, and it was furnished by Tim—I have a right to think of him as Tim—who soon had them apart, and Brute on the chain. "You little beggar," he said, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Then on we went up the avenue, Brute tugging away with not even an expression of contriteness.

At Fifty-fourth Street my errand

took me east—I had never known the walk to Kitty's house to be so short—and he bade me good-by with a cheery smile, and an admonition about Brute. Three minutes later Kitty was pulling off my wraps and deluging me with questions. "Did you get my note? Were you surprised? What a dear you are, to have come so soon, Sally. You must stay to luncheon; there's not a soul at home. Why weren't you at the opera last night? Are you going to the Keiths' dance Thursday?"

"Yes, to everything," I said gayly, "but the opera—and a raging headache kept me home from that."

"You poor thing!" she answered, patting my cheek, sympathy gleaming from her eyes. She's like some delicate stringed instrument, responsive to everyone's moods, gay or sombre, happy or sad.

"But come," I said, shaking a daintily crested note at her—we had adjourned to her den upstairs—"what is the meaning of this?" and I unfolded and read: "Come to me as soon as possible; it is important. Ever yours, Kitty."

She seemed a shade embarrassed at first, and cast her eyes down to where her foot was tapping at a spot in the carpet, but it passed in a second's time, and she looked up and at me quite frankly, though with a seriousness that was new to me.

"Sally," she said, "I've known you ever so long; it seems almost ages since we were tots together."

"Yes."

"We've grown up together, and I've come to know in my stupid way that you are not like other girls—"

"Oh, Kitty dear!" I interrupted.

"No, hear me out," she went on, "then you can have your say." I subsided, wonderingly, and she continued:

"You look at things in a bigger way than the rest of us; you seem to have the sense of things—you—you—oh, Sally, I can't say what I want, but you are strong, and honest, and fearless, and I—I want you to tell me."

The poor child was on the edge of

tears, and I drew her down gently beside me.

"What is it, dear—are you in trouble?"

"The greatest trouble, Sally, and I don't know which way to turn. If I only knew the right, the real thing to do, it wouldn't bother; but I don't."

She said this in such a hopeless, despairing little way, that my lips almost quivered into a smile; but I soon had them in order, and replied: "And you want my advice?"

"Yes, that's just it," she answered.

"Then tell me all about it."

She followed the seam of her handkerchief around three sides with bent eyes, very slowly and very carefully, before she spoke; then it came with a quaver: "Sally, I'm in love."

"You darling!" I gasped. "Is that all?" And I kissed back the answer three times before it eluded me.

"No, it's not all—he doesn't know it," she answered, dolefully.

"Of course he doesn't know it," I snapped out. "What right has he to know it?"

"No right—no right, I suppose; and that's why I'm so unhappy."

"I don't understand—what do you mean?"

"I mean that he'll never know—unless—unless I tell him!"

"Is he blind?"

"He seems to be," she answered, almost pathetically.

"And where does my advice come in?" asked I, rather vaguely, really at sea.

She stood up before me and spoke very deliberately, her eyes blazing at me and her cheeks like coals.

"I want you to tell me," she said, "whether I can tell him that I love him."

"Kitty!" I gasped.

"There, I knew you'd despise me. You do, don't you?" she questioned, vehemently.

"No," faltered I. "I don't."

"What! you think I might—it would not be wrong?"

"Who is he?" said I, a trifle evasively.



"YES, THAT'S JUST IT," SHE ANSWERED.

"Tell me first what I ask you." She was on her knees once more, close beside me, her eyes compelling direct answer.

A thousand thoughts seemed to whirl through my head, and every preconceived idea turned upside

down. "No," I answered, with decision. "It is not wrong. Why should we poor women be bound by the stupid convention of centuries? Let us throw off our shackles and stand free!" I had quite worked myself up with a righteous indignation.

The wrongs of our sex seemed all at once to cry out, through me, for righting. Kitty simply looked at me in an ecstasy, but at last brought me to earth with: "Sally, how fine you are!"

"Oh, fudge!" said I, feeling foolish.

"Tell me now, who is he?"
 "You could never guess."
 "I sha'n't try, for I don't deserve to be kept in suspense."
 "You sha'n't, dear," she said, hugging me. "He's Tim Appleton."
 "Tim Appleton!"
 "Yes, dear. Are you surprised?"
 "Oh!" was the only sound I could make. I could hardly breathe. Really, I must not wear my stays so tight. Just then the maid announced luncheon.

Louis Evan Shipman.

First Trousers.

LITTLE man, little man,
 With your little trousers blue,
 I wish that I were happy,
 My little man, like you.
 Is there ever anything in life
 That gives such pleasure true
 As this first pair of trousers,
 So stunning and so new!

Little man, little man,
 You with sturdy stride and bold,
 Pray, have you seen my baby boy?
 He passed this way, I'm told.
 His little dress is fresh and white,
 His clustering curls are gold—
 He's naught else but a baby,
 For he's but three years old!

Little man, little man,
 Why, can it really be?
 When I ask if you've seen him,
 You say that *you* are *he*!
 You, with your stride and trousers,
 And magic pockets three!
 'Tis quite hard to believe it,
 You look so strange to me.

Susie Dawson Brown.

"HOW do you find the stock market?"
 "Simply unbearable."

Still There.

THAT dreary city of Worms on the Rhine boasts, besides its Liebfraumilch, patent leather, brewing academies and Nibelung legends, of one of the most handsome monuments in Germany. Here Luther is shown surrounded by other prominent Reformers—Huss, Calvin, etc. Below the twice life-sized statue,



NOT THE CORRECT ANSWER.



King of Beasts: IF I WERN'T TAKING ANTI-FAT I'D GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE FRIGHTENED ABOUT!

showing Luther in the attitude he assumed when before the Reichstag, are hewn the words he then uttered, being translated as follows:

"Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

A few years ago a gentleman, now residing in New Orleans, returned to his native city Worms for a visit. Upon his return eager friends surrounded him, questioning about the city, its landmarks and its people. "The people," the New Orleansian

replied, "ah, the people! Well, I didn't see many of my former acquaintances. The old folks have died, the younger element has emigrated, except—yes, except old Mr. Luther, he's still there, and under him these words:

"Here I stand, I can't do otherwise."

FEW men get money without wishing they'd secured something else, and no man secures anything else without wishing he'd got money.





TOO APPRECIATED
IT IS SOMETIMES DISCOURAGING FOR AN AMATEUR
WHEN DOING HIS BEST IN A



APPRECIATIVE.
FOR AN AMATEUR TO GLANCE AT THE AUDIENCE
IS BEST IN A TRAGIC SCENE.



"In Town" and About Town.

THE portrait below is of one of Mr. Charles Frohman's regular customers. Seeing his name liberally displayed in the advertisements as originator, creator, instigator and general promulgator of "In Town," as well as of every other theatrical enterprise on earth, she went to see this latest choice cut imported from England for the American trade. The lady came to laugh and remained to weep, and "In Town" fully deserves the tribute of any



one's tears. It is one of the dreariest and ghastliest attempts at humorlessness which England has sent to us for a long time, and that is saying a great deal.

As a confidence game, "In Town" is a success. It has lured quite a number of two-dollar bills from the pockets of incautious theatre-goers. Two dollars (which by the speculator device really means two dollars and a half) is a good price to pay for a seat at a first-rate play. To ask and get that amount of money for such a performance as "In Town" takes all the romantic glamour away from highway robbery, and destroys all the usefulness of the sandbag as a means of acquiring wealth. "In Town" would make the brassiest goldbrick ever plated shed its veneer.

It pretends to be a burlesque, which term suggests some idea of fun. It

contains no fun—not even British fun. Its music is commonplace to the extent of being unnoticeable. The piece has not even the shadow of a story. It has neither situations nor attractive groupings. It hasn't anything.

The "Gaiety" show as we have come to understand it is principally the gathering of a number of pretty women in attractive gowns, catchy songs and graceful dances, calculated especially to allure what is known as the "Johnny" element. In this case even the Johnnies are not likely to become excited to the point of haunting the stage door. The pretty women are comparatively few in number, and "In Town" gives them nothing to do, with the exception of giving pretty Miss Studholme opportunities to display her pearly teeth, which are already familiar to the readers of LIFE through the advertisement of a popular dentifrice.

"In Town" is too insipid a British fruit to be successfully grafted on the tree of American success.

FAR funnier, far more ingenious in construction, and thoroughly

American, is Mr. Charles Hoyt's "A Stranger in New York." His people, notably Mr. Harry Conor, have talent to bring out the humor assigned to their respective characters, some of which are recognizable New York types. Mr. Hoyt is perfectly frank in stating that he writes not to elevate or educate his patrons, but to amuse them. He certainly gives value received, and for every cent one pays for admission one gets a laugh.

"A COAT of Many Colors," in which Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon start out to be joint stars, might better be termed an illustrated rebus than a play. Every incident proposes a fresh riddle to the innocent spectator. A mixed-up telegram, a misdelivered letter, an ambiguous child of hazy parentage, all jumbled together with a lot of irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial personages who have little, if anything, to do with the plot, make one wish for so simple a conundrum as "When is a door not a door." Not even the abused Mr. Shakespeare would be willing to let his reputation go down to posterity as attaching the name of



"ISAAC, SEE DOT BERSRIPTION VAT BLEW OUT OF DER DOCTOR,S BUGGY. IS IT VORT ANYTINGS?"

"VAT A QUESTION! DO YOU TINK DOT NOBODY VILL NEVER BE SICK?"

"comedy" to such a conglomeration of misfit and antiquated stage material.

Mr. Kelcey as *Florian Talboys* will be recognized as the Mr. Kelcey of the Lyceum Theatre with this difference—that, having attained the dignity of stardom, he no longer "shoots" his cuffs nor bites his nails in perilous moments. Miss Shannon is really improved by her increased responsibilities. She has achieved some maturity and robustness of manner, and has diminished the whining quality in her voice. Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon as stars are certainly no better than Mr. Willie and Mrs. Madge Kendal. But they also have a legal right to ask people to pay to see them act. *Metcalf.*

Nearness.

I DRAW her closer; in
her eyes I see
Shadows of dreams, and
tender thoughts of me.
Her lips are raised to
mine, and I, alas!
I draw her closer—with
my opera-glass.

Some Advantages of Death.

"BY my faith, Peggy," remarked the wraith of David Garrick to the spirit of Mistress Woffington, "it is o'er well I lived and died when I did, else to what ignominy would I have come in this nineteenth century. Odsfish! I doubt not I should have been reduced to one-night stands in the back provinces, and my 'Hamlet' have been damned with contumely by the *fin de siècle* wits."

"More like, Davy," said Mistress Peg, "you would have been spouting the famous 'Soliloquy' behind a protecting screen at some variety playhouse. 'Fore God, when all is said, methinks we both have much to be thankful for in that we existed in a

more primitive age. The new order of things would be the undoing of us for a certainty."

The shade of Kitty Clive, standing near, laughed with forced gayety.

"I agree with you," she exclaimed. "I can see myself exploding gags, like torpedoes, on some cheerless roof-garden, or in a 'continuous performance' theatre. 'Snails, what a music hall per-

former I should have made! Is't not so, Sally?"—to the shade of Sarah Siddons.

"Out, wench, on your impertinent familiarity!" quoth the great tragedienne. "I am 'Sally' to none but my ever faithful husband. Nathless, I must perforce admit that your hoydenish ways would have given you some advantage over Mr. Garrick and myself. I dare swear my 'Isabella' would have brought



Wm. Walker 97

A THOUGHTFUL MAIDEN.

"ISN'T THAT THE YOUNG MAN YOU WERE ENGAGED TO?"

"YES, AUNTIE."

"BUT WHY DID YOU BREAK IT?"

"HE BELIEVES IN THE GERM THEORY, AND THAT KISSING IS DANGEROUS."

"BUT SURELY THAT IS RIGHT AND PROPER."

"IN A SCIENTIST, YES; BUT NOT IN A HUSBAND."

me to the pawnshop, Mistress Clive; and as for Mr. Garrick, I can fancy him striding in stately fashion along the Rialto with none so poor to do him reverence."

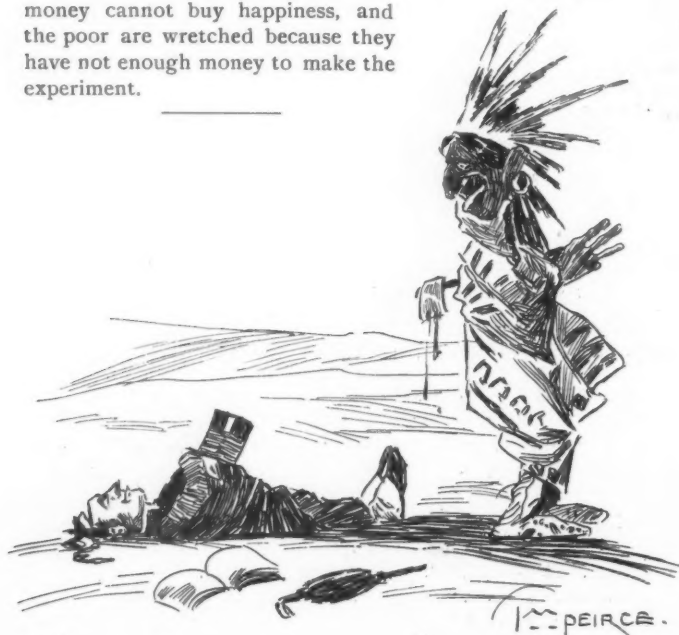
"Or to proffer me a needed tippie!" added Mr. Garrick, with his homely bluntness. "Even so, gadsfaith! And you, Mistress Nell, without your king, would continue to sell Levant oranges in Lewkinor Street, and the world be none the wiser for your charms, eh?"

"Perhaps," replied the shade of Nell Gwyn, with a perky toss of her head, "perhaps, Davy, or what's worse, I would be singing in the chorus at six dollars the week, and trying to support that ungracious mother o' mine. And now I think on't, I begin to realize, gad-zooks, what a blessing it is to be dead these hundred years!"

"I' faith, then," put in Peg Woffington, "the five of us have had a narrow escape from being born too late. It is a fine thing, my dears, to live at the right time and to die at the right time. Is't not so?"

And the sentiment was endorsed by acclamation. *Arthur Grissom.*

THE rich are miserable because they have discovered that money cannot buy happiness, and the poor are wretched because they have not enough money to make the experiment.



Angel-of-Peace: THAT'S THE THIRD GOOD THING I'VE DONE THIS WEEK!

Language.

THIS conversation was overheard in a railway car:

"Usen't you to work for the B. & O?"

"Yes, I used; usen't you?"

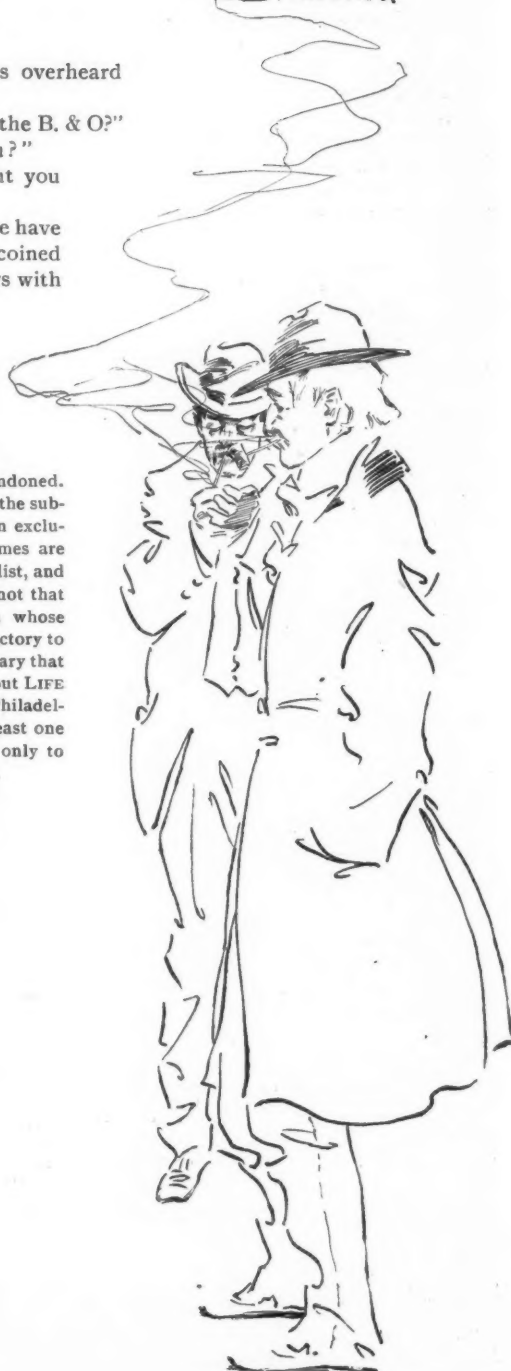
"Yes, I used. I thought you used!"

Right here in America we have dialects waiting to be coined into money by story-writers with a gift for business.

Another Landmark Threatened.

IT is rumored that the Philadelphia Assemblies, which date from 1740, are to be abandoned. They are too big, it seems, and the subscribers think them deficient in exclusiveness. Eleven hundred names are said to be on the subscription list, and it would appear that there are not that many people in Philadelphia whose social qualifications are satisfactory to one another. It may be necessary that the Assemblies should perish, but LIFE hates to hear of changes in Philadelphia. We ought to have at least one conservative, old-fogy city, if only to mark the changes in the others.

STANLAWS.



NOT THAT KIND.

"SAY, BILL, DIDN'T YOU SAY THAT MATCHES WERE MADE IN HEAVEN?"

"WHY, YES."

"WELL, YER CAN'T FOOL ME ON THE SMELL OF THAT ONE."

Plutarch's Lives to Date.

CATO REEDIMUS, THE CENSOR.



THOMAS CATO REEDIMUS, the Censor, being from the Maine Province, was naturally of a dry humor. To one who asked concerning his memorable congressional career, he made reply:

"I came, I saw, I ran Congress!"

He was a statesman of Falstaffian girth, Broddingnagian height, Websterian brain and offensive partisanship. The son of poor but honest parents, he received such an education, in arithmetic particularly, that he was able later in life to count a quorum with his eyes shut. As a youth he was so devout that he prepared for the ministry at Bowdoin College, but his piety was all of the "early" variety. It was plainly evident during the Fifty-first Congress that he had forgotten all about the golden rule when he framed the rules of the House.

Nor was he at all ashamed. We are told that a Western tribune who had been chairman of a vigilance committee once boasted to Cato Reedimus that, with a rope, he had aided in shutting off the breath of twenty men.

"Only twenty?" cried the Censor. "I once choked off an entire Congress!"

His first experience as a presiding officer was as pedagogue in a country school. One day a special committee of the larger boys attempted to put him out of the window, but he raised both hands, a big ruler and a point of order against the proceedings, and the special committee adjourned *sine die* for repairs.

In 1876 Cato Reedimus invaded Congress, where his simple manners and frugality were at once conspicuous. He lived modestly in two rooms, rode a bicycle to save car fare, and was so conservative concerning government expenditures that he held the Fifty-first Congress down to a paltry billion dollars. As Censor of that Congress he counted quorums and shut off debate until the capital resounded with the wreck of rules, the crash of precedents, and the

inarticulate profanity of throttled tribunes. The following November a landslide struck his party just abaft the collar button, and the newspapers printed Cato Reedimus obituaries by the column.

Oply the good die young, and consequently Cato Reedimus was not dead but sleeping. He awakened ere long and again bestrode the House of Tribunes like an obese Colossus with a twenty-four collar. Reedimus had the collar for the Republicanus majority, which knew not its whereatness until he told it, and day after day he gave the minority what is known in Greek as the "Dingley dinkimus." Every time his ponderous gavel fell the Spirit of Liberty needed a new solar plexus.

At this time it befell that Lycurgus McKinlius, the Law Giver, who had been

chosen Consul of the Republic, called together the tribunes in special session to tinker the tariff, likewise to sugar it. Although of the same party, Reedimus loved McKinlius nitimus, having been an "also ran" to the Law Giver in the great Consulship Nomination Selling Race; but at the behest of McKinlius he uncorked the House long enough to let the sugar-coated tariff bill run out. Then he corked the House up again and laid it on the shelf. As a corker he displayed even greater genius than as a quorum counter.

It is said that during this period a schoolboy, thirsting for knowledge of the Constitution, asked Cato Reedimus one day what composed the Congress of the country.

"Me and the Senate," was the reply.

It was even so. And Freedom shrieked when Cato's gavel fell.

Earle H. Eaton.



She: IT'S A PICTURESQUE COSTUME, ISN'T IT?

"YES, BUT IT WOULDN'T BE BECOMING TO EVERYBODY."



ALREADY the effects of the law in Massachusetts forbidding the wearing of birds on hats are being felt. Leominster women are considering the question of removing hats in church. Who cares about wearing a hat in church if it hasn't a high-priced bird poised among its ribbons and flowers?

—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon that the sheriff of Bucks county rode up to Bill Hooper's cabin at the foot of the mountain to arrest the man on a warrant charging him with stealing corn. Bill's wife sat in the open door with a pipe in her mouth, and as the officer came along up she inquired:

"Sam Davis, you are just the man I wanted to see. I've heard you talk a heap about the Bible, and I want to ax you if you really believe that story about Joner and the whale?"

"Of course I do," was the reply—"of course. Is Bill around to-day?"

"How big a man was Joner?" persisted the woman. "Bout as big as I am, I reckon. Did you say Bill was off huntin'?"

"And did the whale swaller him head-fust or feet-fust?" continued the woman, as she crowded some fresh tobacco into her pipe.

"Head-fust, I reckon, though I ain't disputin' 'bout it and raisin' a row. Elder Dickman says it was feet-fust, but he wasn't thar no more'n me. If Bill is around home I'd like to see him a minit."

"But how did Joner live down thar in that whale till he was cut out?"

"Dunno; but he went right on livin'. I can't say why the airth goes 'round, but I know that she do. Mebbe Bill is in bed and asleep, Mrs. Hooper?"

"What gits me," continued the woman, calmly

ignoring all questions about her husband, "is why that whale didn't hang on to Joner when he had him. What did he cast him up fur?"

"Can't say," replied the sheriff, "but I reckon the Lord wanted things the way they was, and so they turned out as they did. I was speakin' to you about Bill—whar is he?"

"Bill? Oh, Bill is to home to-day."

"Kin I see him?"

"Fur suah. When you rid up he was cleanin' his gun out back o' the house, but I reckon he's ready fur you by this time. Jest step around the co'ner."

The sheriff stepped and ran against the muzzle of a shotgun held in Bill's hand. As he recoiled a step or two Bill asked:

"Was you lookin' fur me, Sam?"

"I was," replied the officer. "Yes, I jest stopped a minit to say howdy and to remark that your ole woman ain't no fule, and hevin' said it I'll be going back to town. Nice day, Bill—good evenin' to you, Mrs. Hooper!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

BEFORE the days of chloroform there was a quack in San Francisco who advertised tooth drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair and a wrench given, when he roared violently. "I thought you said there was no pain." "So there is not by my process. That is Cartwright's way. That's the way he does it. It's very different from mine." Another tug, and a still more violent howl. "That's the way Dummerge pulls teeth," said the unabashed practitioner. "You don't like it, no doubt. Who would?" Another twist was given, and the patient, as a rule, howled worse than ever. "That," the dentist says, "is Parkinson's mode." By this time the tooth was nearly out. "I will now," he said, "display my own method," whereupon he

NEW PUBLICATIONS

The Express Messenger. By Cy Warman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Essays of Montaigne. Translated by John Florio. Vol. II. London: J. M. Dent and Company.

Beyond the Pale. By B. M. Croker. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.

Hugh Wynne. 2 vols. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

triumphantly withdrew the tooth and held it up for inspection. "You observe that by my truly scientific process there is really no pain whatever."

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A nouveau riche named Mason succeeded in joining the Jockey Club in London, the most exclusive club in England. Being somewhat noisy and offensive in the card-room one afternoon, Lord Cavendish said to him: "Look here, Mason, if you will resign from this club I will give you five hundred pounds." Mason left the room in high indignation, and meeting the Marquis of Queensberry on the stairway, related the incident, adding: "Now, what shall I do about this?" "Stand pat," said Queensberry, after a moment's reflection, "and I think he will make it a thousand pounds."

—*Exchange.*

An old lawyer in Paris had instructed his client to weep every time he struck the desk with his hand, forgot and struck the desk at the wrong moment, and promptly fell to sobbing and weeping.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the judge. "Well, he told me to cry as often as he struck the table."

"Gentlemen of the jury," cried the unabashed lawyer, "let me ask you how you can reconcile the crime in connection with such candor and simplicity."

—*L'Illustration.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Breniano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

You may not think a soap is best
Because you see it advertised;
But ask some friend who's made
the test
And learn how Ivory Soap is
prized;
Then you may buy, and like it, too,
As millions of good judges do.
Copyright 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincin.

SUPER-TENDENT I shall have to think the matter over, for you are married, and, frankly, I should prefer to give the place to a single man.
APPLICANT: Oh, well, I can get a divorce.—*Fliegende Blätter.*
"GRACIOUS, Jack, what immense shirt studs you wear!"
"Well, you know how buttonholes act. I'm going to keep up with them if it takes a dinner plate."—*Chicago Record.*

The Most Powerful Locomotives in the World

have just been completed for the Southern Railway, and will be put in service to haul the magnificent trains on this line between Washington and Atlanta. All the luxuries of modern travel are found upon the Southern Railway. Through trains between New York, Atlanta, New Orleans and prominent cities south and southwest. New York Office, 271 Broadway.

PHYSICIAN (examining a corpse): Three wounds! The first is fatal, but the two others, luckily, are not serious.
—*Fliegende Blätter.*

It is recorded that once Senator Mason propounded a query to Senator Morgan. "How long could you talk," asked Mason, "on a subject of which you knew absolutely nothing?"

"Well," answered Morgan with a smile, "if it was a matter about which I knew absolutely nothing, I do not think I could talk more than two days."

—*Washington Post.*

THE GENUINE
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT
MAKES
FLESH AND BLOOD
AVOID SUBSTITUTES
EISNER & MENDELSON CO. NEW YORK, AGENTS



White hands may not necessarily be clean. If you want clean and white hands use Low's Turtle Oil Soap and Violet Powder. The best dealer on Sixth Avenue has them.

VAN BIBBER
CIGARETTES
OR
LITTLE
CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED
TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE
FINEST IN QUALITY
25c. a Bundle.
10 in Bundle.
Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

Patronize American Industries
—wear KNOX HATS

CLOTHING . . . Established 1844.
HENRY KEEN, Tailor.
114 High Holborn, London, W. C.

Wanted—An Idea
Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

HOTEL VENDOME-BOSTON
Accessible location, excellent table, prompt service.

Armour's Floating White Soap.

Made from the freshest and purest material,
A fine soap for fine uses. Will not
injure the most delicate fabrics;
will not shrink woollens.



Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can
be obtained for you by your dealer.

If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,
J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

*Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.*

WILLIAMS' THE ONLY REAL SHAVING SOAPS SHAVING SOAPS

INCOMPARABLE FOR THEIR
RICH CREAMY LATHER.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS are for sale everywhere, but
if your dealer does not supply you, we mail them—to
any address—postpaid on receipt of price.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), Six
Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite
also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp

THE
J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury,
Conn., U.S.A.

LONDON, 64 Gt. Russel St.
SYDNEY, 161 Clarence St.



No. 4711.

ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS

A lasting
scent of rare
Fragrance and Delicacy.
Has all the true odor of
fresh natural Violets.
BE SURE AND GET "No 4711"

No 4711 RHINE VIOLET TOILET WATER the latest novelty.

MÜLHENS & KROPPF, NEW YORK. U.S. AGENTS.

Endwell Braces

are the best suspenders for

careful dressers

Style combined with comfort and
service as in no others.

The standard American suspender

Best Furnishers keep them.
Sample Pair, mailed postpaid, 50 cents.
A cheaper model at 25 cents.

CHESTER SUSPENDER COMPANY,
No. 3 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.



1897-1898
Fall and Winter
Styles now Ready

You'll Always Wear
Hawes
If You Wear One Once

Hawes Guaranteed **HATS**
Berries and Soft Hats, \$3 WORLD
Opera and Silk Hats, \$6 OVER.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE CLOTH HATS, \$3, \$4 & \$5.
LADIES' ROUND, DRESS AND OPERA HATS.

WE ARE LONG-DISTANCE HATTERS.

If, by chance, you live where "Hawes Hats" are not on
sale, the U. S. mail enables you to get one. Remit the price;
give us your height, waist measure, and size of hat worn. State
whether Stiff, Soft, Opera or Silk Hat is wanted.

Expressage prepaid on all orders. Money refunded, less
express charges, in all cases if hats are not satisfactory.

Hawes Hat Company

Broadway, cor. 13th—NEW YORK—Broadway, cor. 30th.



Corticelli

Home Needlework for 1898.

Special New Designs for tea-cloths,
centrepieces, doilies and photograph
frames; also

27 Colored Plates

reproduced in natural colors, showing just how to shade
the Violet, Sweet Pea, Daisy, Buttercup, Apple Blossom,
Pink, Bachelor's Button, Nasturtium, Orchid, Jewel Pat-
terns, Roses, etc. With his book as a guide needlework is
simplified. Chapters for beginners. All new stitches
described. Also rules for knitting golf stockings.

The book contains 128 pages and over 100 illustrations.
Mailed to any address or 10 cents in stamps Address

NONOTUCK SILK CO., 98 Bridge St., Florence, Mass.



A DENVER gambler named Dougherty, while in New York, where he found the games too slow for him, heard that a pretty stiff game of poker was being played in Persia. So to Persia Dougherty sailed, and he was soon popular among the young princes, even if he could not talk Persian. They play poker somewhat differently there from what we do in this country. There never is any money in sight. A man sits near the table and records the bets, and a settlement is made after the game is over. This bookkeeper is also a linguist, and whenever foreigners play with these princes, as in Dougherty's case, he tells of the "raises." One night Dougherty had been trailing in on nearly every hand, only to be beaten in the "show-down." Finally he caught a pair of sixes about the time one of the princes caught four of a kind. There had been a deal of "jolly" and "horse-play" going on all the night. Dougherty, of course, could not understand the words that were being spilled out around him every second, but he never said anything or looked interested. He would simply skin his cards, come in when he wanted to or lay down, just as the notion struck him. When he picked up his sixes, he looked the Persian in the eye, and the Persian laughed. "Tru-le-lu," said the Persian. "Guying me, I reckon," said Dougherty, "but I'll give you some of your own sort of words. Tru-le-lum." "Tru-le-lili-lo," said the Persian. "Tru-le-lele-lili-lole-lum," replied Dougherty; but before he could get the words out of his mouth, the young prince threw down his four of a kind, kicked the table over, fell forward on a sofa lying near, and broke out in a sob. "Heavens, man!" exclaimed the interpreter, "you raised him 'leven millions that time!"—*Argonaut.*

FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON told a story of Bedford, the great English bookbinder, which illustrates clearly the nature of the collector. "He once sent me home a little book which I considered unsatisfactory. The volume did not shut properly. It gaped. When I pointed out this grievous defect to Bedford, his only remark was, 'Why, bless me, sir, you've been reading it!'"

—*Wave.*

WHEN quiet was restored the lawyer handed the photograph to the jury and quietly remarked:

"You may see for yourselves that the choking was done with the left hand, and you have observed that my client has no such member."

He was unmistakably right. The imprint of the thumb and fingers, forced into the flesh in a singularly ferocious, sprawling and awkward manner, was shown in the photograph with absolute clearness. The prosecution, taken wholly by surprise, blustered and made attempts to assail the evidence, but without success. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Meanwhile the prisoner had fainted, and his gag and bonds had been removed, but he recovered at the moment when the verdict was announced. He staggered to his feet, and his eyes rolled; then, with a thick tongue, he exclaimed:

"It was the left arm that did it! This one"—holding his right arm as high as he could reach—"never made a mistake. It was always the left one. A spirit of mischief and murder was in it. I cut it off in a sawmill, but the spirit stayed where the arm used to be, and it choked this man to death. I didn't want you to acquit me. I wanted you to hang me. I can't go through life having this thing haunting me and spoiling my business and making a murderer of me. It tries to choke me while I sleep. There it is! Can't you see it?" And he looked with wide-staring eyes at his left side.

"Mr. Sheriff," gravely said the judge, "take this man before the commissioners of lunacy to-morrow."—*Lippincott's.*

AN English peer, for some offense, was called out by a politician, and promptly responded to the challenge. On arriving at home again after the duel, his lordship gave a guinea to the coachman who had driven him to and from the ground. The driver appeared to have been an exceptionally honest, simple man. He was surprised at the largeness of the sum presented, and said, "My lord, I only took you to—." "Yes, yes; I know that. But the guinea is for bringing me back."—*Argonaut.*

Blair's Pills
Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



Eternal Vigilance



is the price of liberty. So it is in distilling fine goods: ceaseless watching of the materials and their development from the day the grain is received until its completion. Strictly high-grade grain, a spring of water that a tired man will walk a mile to drink from. These are some of the reasons why

OLD CROW RYE

has always stood at the head of American Whiskeys, and always will. Buy only of reliable houses.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
69 Fulton Street,
Also Broadway and 27th Street.

A First-Class Cigar
made in the shape
of a stogie—



**STANDARD
PITTSBURG STOGIES**
but the quality
is there.
Box with 100 in, \$1.50.
Direct or from dealers.
THE R. & W. JENKINSON CO.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Tours to the South via Pennsylvania Railway.

Two very attractive early Autumn tours will be run by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, leaving New York and Philadelphia September 28th and October 12th.

It is hardly necessary to say that these outings are planned with the utmost care, and that all arrangements are adjusted so as to afford the best possible means of visiting each place to the best advantage.

The tours each cover a period of eleven days, and include the battlefield of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, the Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, the cities of Richmond and Washington, and Mt. Vernon.

The round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is \$65 from New York, \$63 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points. Each tour will be in charge of one of the Company's Tourist Agents. He will be assisted by an experienced lady as Chaperon, whose especial charge will be ladies unaccompanied by male escort.

Special trains of parlor cars are provided for the exclusive use of each party, in which the entire round trip from New York is made.

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents or to Tourist Agent, 196 Broadway, New York, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

"THE BENEDICT"
(Trade Mark)

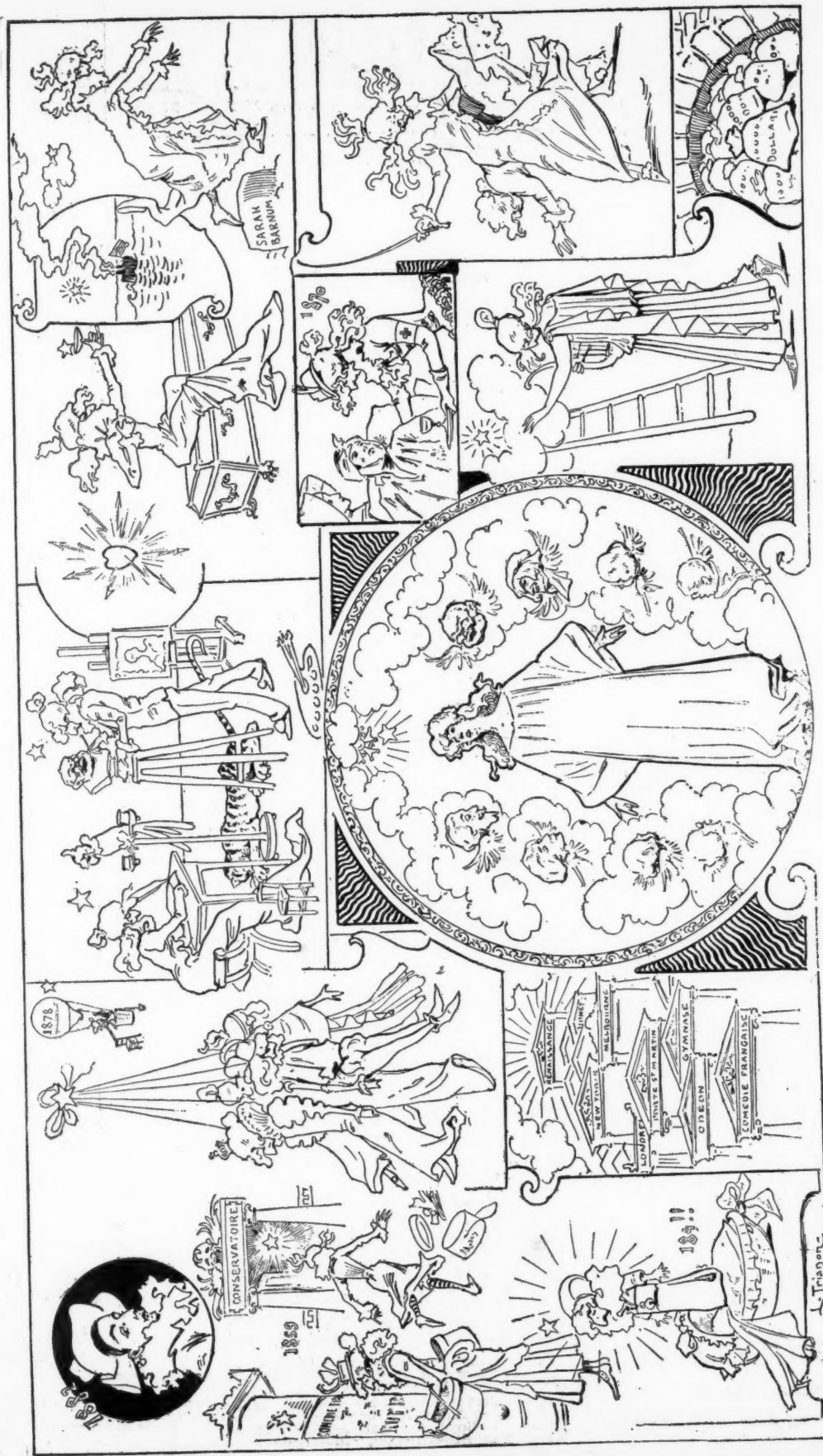



Patent Collar and Cuff Button
None genuine except with the name "THE BENEDICT" and date of patent stamped upon it!
Strong, durable and can be adjusted with perfect ease.
14 Kt Gold.....\$1.75 and \$2.00 each.
10 Kt Gold.....\$1.50 and \$1.75 each.
Rolled Gold and Silver at 50c. each.
Sent by mail on receipt of above prices.
BENEDICT BROS., Jewelers,
BROADWAY and CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.
Send for Full Descriptive Circular.

**THE FAMILY'S
COMFORT**



is insured if all are provided with
**YPSILANTI
HEALTH UNDERWEAR**
—the modern comfort underwear for progressive people. One perfect piece that fits and continues to fit until long wear has worn it out.
At dealers. Write for free book.
Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., Ypsilanti, Mich.
"Never rip and never tear."
Ypsilanti Underwear.
(L. & T. Chl.)



—From *Figaro Illustré*.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF SARAH.



"Oh My! Oh My!
What do I Spy?"

Whitman's CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

attract everybody—make those eat sweets who never ate before, while connoisseurs and candy-wise people want no others. Sold everywhere. Ask for them.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling water.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 Chestnut St., Phila.

BLOBBS: What did you pay for your bicycle?

SLOBBS: Seventy-five dollars.

"Why, I've bought a rattling one for twenty-five."

"Yes, I've heard it."

—Philadelphia Record.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"WHEN FATIGUED AND COMPLETELY WORN OUT, NO REMEDY CAN BE SO THOROUGHLY RELIED UPON AS VIN MARIANI."

CAMPANINI.

Write to MARIANI & CO. for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS.

PARIS: 41 Ed. HAUSMANN.
LONDON: 239 Oxford St.

52 W. 15th ST.,
NEW YORK.

Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.



PARFUMERIE

ED. PINAUD, 37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG, PARIS. ELIXIR DENTIFRICE.

AN EXQUISITE ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH.
INSURES HARD GUMS, WHITE TEETH, AND SWEET BREATH.

AT ALL DEALERS

OR CORRESPOND WITH ED. PINAUD'S N.Y. IMPORTATION OFFICE 46 EAST 14TH ST.

"LIFE." Vol. 29 Now Ready

Bound in Maroon and Gold, Green and Gold, and Full Black

PRICE, \$4.00

If Copies are returned in good condition an allowance of \$2.00 is made.

FOR GOOD A SPIN

HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRES

HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.
BOSTON, BUFFALO, PHILADELPHIA,
CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, NEW YORK

Withdrawal of Through Parlor-Car
Service between New York
and Cape May.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that the through parlor-car service between New York and Cape May on train leaving New York at 12:55 P. M., and returning on train leaving Cape May at 7:00 A. M., has been discontinued.

Framed Proofs

of
Originals
from
LIFE.

PROOFS of any of the original drawings from LIFE will be furnished on application, suitably and daintily framed in either a gift or a Japanese oak frame. Large double-page proofs, including frame and transportation within one hundred miles of New York, \$4.00. Single-page, or smaller proofs, \$2.00. Proofs without frames at half the above rates.

Make selections from files of LIFE and when ordering state the particular style of frame desired, and orders will be promptly filled.

Proofs are the same size as illustrations in LIFE.

Send for Catalogue.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

19 and 21 West 31st St.
New York City. . . .



LIFE'S COMEDY.

Are You Fond of

Fine Drawings

Printed on Magnificent
Paper in the

HIGHEST STYLE OF THE PRINTER'S ART?

Then Subscribe for
LIFE'S COMEDY
Published Quarterly

AT

\$1.00 A YEAR

BY

Life Publishing Company

19 West Thirty-first Street

NEW YORK

